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The B·H·S· COMET

1916

Commencement Number

The B. H. S.
Comet

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Number

Published by Pupils
of the High School

Butler, Indiana.

L. H. HIGLEY
PRINTER
BUTLER, - IND.

DEDICATION

To our esteemed and honored "class teacher," Hazel Harrison, this final number of the Comet is gratefully dedicated by the class of 1916.

HAZEL HARRISON

Virginia College, Roanoke, Va., Northwestern University and B. M. degree at Detroit Conservatory of Music. Instructor of Grade and High School Music and English II, III and IV.

CONTENTS

Aquarium 29
Basket Ball picture and Athletic article 21
B. H. S. Automobile.....28
B. H. S. Alphabet..... 28
Cartoon—Good-bye Seniors..... 5
Contents Page 2
Dedication 1
Editorials 23
Eighth Grade Picture—History..... 15
"Elsie Bennett's Easter Bonnett'.....24
Faculty Pictures—Comment..... 3
Favorite Music 29
Freshman Class Picture—History..... 14
Jokes 30
Junior Class Picture—History..... 12
Orchestra Picture and Music Article...22
Popular Books and Authors.....28
Senior Chart 27
Seniors Pictures—Characteristics....6-10
Senior Class History..... 11
Senior Prophecy 16, 17, 18
Sophomore Class Picture—History....13
"The Ghost" 25
Valedictory 19
"What's the Use?"..... 26
Will 20

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Marion Normal College, Marion and A. B. degree at Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind. Will receive M. A. degree in June. Superintendent of schools, instructor of Algebra I and II, Geometry III, Arithmetic IV and Psychology IV.

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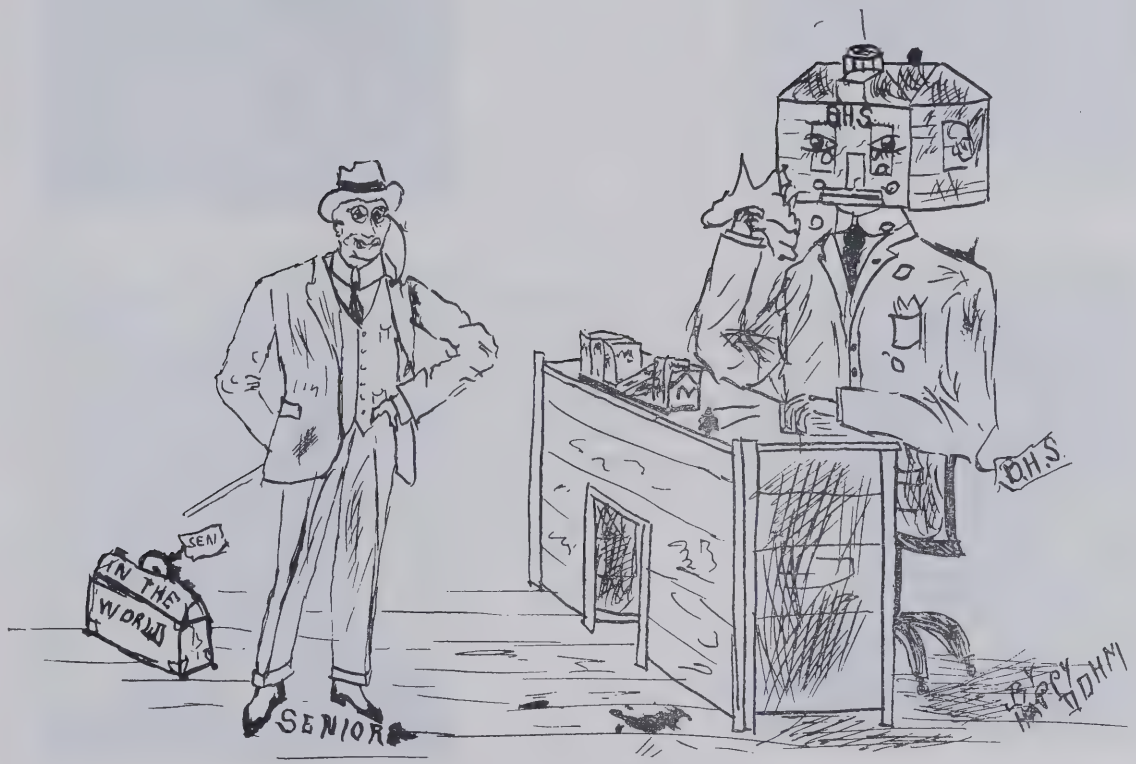

"SENIORS LEAVING HIGH SCHOOL"

ROSE ADAMS

Little "Rosie" is our class flower. She was a sweet, dimpled, flaxen haired baby and is to a certain extent yet. She is strongly addicted to domestic science, picture shows and Skinny.

RALPH STALEY

"Stella" is the class beauty, hailing from Mooresville who spends his spare time flirting. Four years ago he boldly crossed the Vandalia pike and entered Waterloo High School. Two years sufficed to show him his mistake and at the beginning of his Junior year he came to Butler to finish his illustrious H. S. career. His favorite pasttime is smiling at a certain Freshie.

DONALD MILLER

"Miller" comes to B. H. S. from the regions of Newville. When he isn't trying to arouse someone's curiosity or dropping broad hints about "my girl" you may better believe he's off working Physics problems. Maybe there are greater men, but we doubt it.

LAURA JENNINGS

"Midget" is one of that class known as "Serious Seniors." She is one of the few who studies, and sets a splendid example for all wayward Freshmen. Her favorite occupation and greatest accomplishment is arguing—teachers a specialty.

CLAYTON FETTER

Clayton, better known as "Peter" was born on the banks of Fish Creek. He first showed his athletic prowess at Skunkhill and later as a star on the B. H. S. basket ball team. He is noted for his meek (?) submissive ways and his gentle tread.

MILDRED WILEY

"Moonie" another Fish Creeker, spent her childhood baking cakes and reading Dickens. Early in life and especially in her high school career she manifested her remarkable bluffing ability. She is strong for Fords and Woman Suffrage.

MAE SHUMAKER

Mae was born and raised in this very town. She started in school some twelve years ago with her eyes open looking for a good time, and a strong liking for the other sex; so far she has not lost either of these characteristics. She will long be remembered for her curly hair and quiet ways.

GALEN CRAUN

"Crauny" was a sweet unobtrusive little boy but seems to have entirely outgrown his childish traits. He thinks there is nothing like basket ball and is now spending all his spare time worrying as to how the team is going to get along without him next year.

LUCILE WATERMAN

Lucile, otherwise "Peggy" was born in Chili, Ind. When she was old enough to appreciate the advantages of a city her parents moved to Butler. She has a leaning toward violins and domestic science; at present she is busy perfecting a recipe for pies in which no water will be used. She informs us that so far she has not been able to make the crust stick together but by using a little adhesive plaster, she hopes to be successful.

RALPH INHOFE

Ralph, commonly called "Skinny," is lucky enough to own a Ford. He says it is a remarkable developer of self-control. He has done his best to use the legacy of "bluffing ability," left to him by a member of the class of '15. His genius of "just sliding through" is worthy of record.

GARALD DOHM

Garald, alias "Happy" has a reputation for living up to his name. Of course there are times when he feels it his duty to uphold the class dignity. Sometimes he talks quite seriously but don't be deceived into thinking he really means it; it's a favorite amusement of his.

MARY BAKER

Mary is our black-haired, black-eyed "hello" girl. We have heard—merely heard remember—that she gets bushels of letters from U. of M. She believes in taking her education in small, but frequent doses, on the good old fashioned plan.

WINIFRED WILEY

Winifred, known in B. H. S. as "Fred" also comes from the valley of Fish Creek. She has won much renown by the wonderfully innocent looks she assumes on certain occasions. At present she is almost distracted trying to choose between a dramatic career and being a model for hair bleacher.

LOIS CLAY

"Jinny" Clay is a tall toothpick type of girl with a gentle manner which belies her disposition. She is noted for her love of a good time and ability for getting whatever she wants. Her chief occupations are eating chocolate "tin roofs" and beguiling certain members of the other sex.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

THE PRESENT class of 1916 entered Butler High School in the fall of 1912 with twenty-six members. We are certain that we put a mark across the word "green" as applied to Freshmen because the teachers all informed us we were too bold.

We lost a dear schoolmate in this year, to us her memory is dear. Mildred Enzor will be remembered by all who knew her for her sunny disposition.

We owe great tribute to Miss Kimmel for her patient teachings in Latin and Botany, for to her we owe the one half holiday for a "botany trip." We were to search for wild flowers but most every one hid behind the trees. Miss Kimmel, talking to a small group about tracing a delicate little wild flower, would soon find that she was talking to herself. And so the year rolled on. By the end of the year we had the reputation for making things lively. We, the Freshies, thought it unwise to venture into any social activities, so gave special care to our work.

In the second year, our class was diminished by four or five who did not join our ranks again. We started on our social activities, one which will be remembered by all is the hay-rack party out at Wiley's where we had a marshmallow roast beside the creek. Here the clever Juniors intended to raid for "eats," but to their dismay, they found that we served the "eats" first. It was always our aim not to let any class get ahead of "16."

During this year we had the honor of editing the first number of our B. H. S. "Comet," which we feel has been a credit to our class spirit. We became thoroughly puzzled by Latin and geometry, but the majority kept faithfully on, making fourteen loyal workers for the Junior class.

In our Junior class, we raised still higher our banner of jovial spirits yet we were very earnest in purpose. In this year, the Possum Army and Cubs were founded, al so along with this the superintendent installed a new system of canning which was perfected by the end of the year. To show our amiable dispositions, we renewed the custom of a Junior and Senior banquet, May 7, 1914 at I. O. O. F. Hall. A four course dinner was served. The tables were decorated in the Junior and Senior class colors and many responded to toasts.

And now, as dignified Seniors, we feel the heavy burdens on our shoulders, for we must set examples for the lower classmen. The Senior class has been proud to claim three members of the boys basket ball team. For our social activities, we have had three memorable Junior and Senior affairs.

As a climax to the events of school activities we dramatized "What Happened to Jones."

We enjoyed our four years life in B. H. S. and leave it with regret. And, to our sister class, the Juniors, we leave the exalted position in Butler High School. We know that the Junior Class will realize the importance of the word "Senior," and we feel sure that they will live up to that name next year.

Farewell.

Now in the closing, let me say,
Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen gay
Do your best, and always strive,
To keep B. H. S. honors alive. M. S. '16

HISTORY OF CLASS '17.

THE CLASS of '17 entered upon their career as students in B. H. S. September 1913. Our first year was very successful. We lost only one member, only a few of us were hazed, and most important of all we learned the important art of bluffing. Though we were looked on as microbes, by the upper classmen, we managed to get on without them.

We started our second year wearing a size larger hat, and with a determination to wreak our vengeance on the Freshmen. Though we passed through a rocky course in algebra and Caesar, we closed the year in May, with the loss of only two classmates.

This, our third year has been the best of our existence. Willard Smurr was elected president, relieving "Mike," who was President for the first two years. Members of our class are represented in all forms of school activities and we lead in the social way.

Now at the end of the year, we are ready to take up the duties of the Seniors, and hope finally to receive our diplomas from dear old B. H. S. H. T. '17

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

One September morning in the year of nineteen hundred and fourteen, we entered upon our high school duties in the B. H. S. We were a jolly band of twenty-five members and made great progress in the work. During the year two members deserted us and no others came to join us. We were all glad, when at the close of school, we could say that we were one step nearer the top of the ladder known as "Fame."

In the year of nineteen hundred and fifteen we started on our duties as Sophomores. We were no longer afraid of the upper classmen, but were always on hand and ready to help haze the Freshmen.

We have all worked diligently during our second year in the B. H. S. and hope to be able to face the world in the near future.

W. H. '18

THE FRESHMEN OF BUTLER HIGH SCHOOL

THE FRESHMAN class was at first composed of twenty-seven members. This class has, from the first of the school year been the most brilliant class that has ever been called "the green freshies of B. H. S." Our upper classmen, though, do not know of our abilities. Let us say in a modest way, that we have had the most exemptions and the highest grades of any of the classes, during the school year.

We elected our officers in October; Lois Powers as president, Margaret Vernier as vice-president, Frank Ramey at secretary and Harold Miller as treasurer. They are all capable officers and have discharged their duties very satisfactorily.

Our class had the ability to have a party which none of the upper classes had the nerve to break up. The party, with Miss Drake as chaperon, was given the first part of the year at the home of Roscoe Lanning. When we heard about the cowlice of the higher classes, we realized e awe which our presence must create. The night of our party surely showed some of our dear little girls a necessity which the girls of the higher classes have already found out—the need of gentlemen escorts. But alas! there are so few freshman boys, that some of our girls have to go back into the grades for masculine protection, and some even have to search through the upper classes.

We lost one of our members, Florence McDonald, in March. This reduced our number to twenty-six.

A number of our members took the measles and had to miss a great deal of school. There was probably just one serious case, which developed into lung fever, Roscoe Lanning being the victim.

There has been one new member to join our class, Paul Gehring. This brings us up to our original number, twenty-seven. We are sure that it is our wish, and the wish of our faithful instructors, that we may retain this number throughout our high school course. We also hope that the upper classmen will think of us as fellow-workers, striving to do something worth while for dear old B. H. S.

M. R. '19

EIGHTH GRADE

September 6, 1915, twenty-two badly scared pupils started in the eighth grade to show the Freshmen how they acted when they were in the eighth grade. At the first class meeting, the officers elected were as follows: Ralph Mutzfeld, president; Russel Hoffer, vice-president; Elizabeth Mondhank, secretary and Hugh Apt, treasurer.

Our class has had two class parties, the first one at the home of Hubert Doud, and the second one at the home of Esther Bowlby. The boys in this class are very modest and all refuse to read. We are thought to be the slowest class in school (by our teachers) but wait until we get in high school—then watch us. M. W.

CLASS PROPHECY

HOOKY PLAYING is an instinctive or inborn tendency, inherited from our parents and teachers, which is always present in the outer fringe of consciousness of any school child.

The sun was a great deal to blame, too. If the sun hadn't shone so brightly, the sky wouldn't have been so blue; if the sky hadn't been so blue it wouldn't have reflected so clearly in the mud puddle; if it hadn't reflected in the puddle it wouldn't have reminded me of Showalter's creek, and then I wouldn't have thought of playing hooky! So of course I was entirely innocent.

I took some cookies and a sack of peanuts, walked out to the bridge, and started up the creek. After going a great distance, I grew very tired, and lay down in a small grassy hollow, and stared up at the sky. I began to day dream about commencement. No doubt about it, we would be the best looking class that ever graduated. Right there I had to interrupt my train of thought to suppress a yawn. I was unusually drowsy, and could scarcely keep from falling asleep.

A few moments later I opened my eyes and realized that I had been sleeping. I rached out my hand to get my sack of peanuts, but they were gone! Someone has been nervy enough to swipe them, I concluded. I invoked the blessings of all the Gods on whoever had done it, and started to rise to my feet. Stiff! I could hardly move.

"Must be from that flabbergasted roller skating yesterday," I muttered.I decided to start for town before dark. None of the landmarks looked familiar, and I felt as though I were in a trance.

Just at the edge of town, I noticed a l ge tent, that I was positive had not en there before. I heard some one ac g, and went to the entrance to look eryone in the crowd—which conlargely of negroes,—was watchthe man in the center, who was climbpidly up and down the tent pole. At first I thought he was a circus performer, then I heard him repeating, "Come on sinners, come on sinners!" and I knew at once that he was my old friend Crauny, but wonderfully changed.

Just across the street was another tent, and I went over to investigate. "Ginnavin's Show," was written across the front and I wondered why on earth I hadn't heard that it was coming to town. If there wasn't Peggy Waterman playing the piano, and accompanying a wonderful dark haired violinist on the stage. She looked at least twenty years older.

My brain seemed to be in such a flubdub, that I knew I needed some kind of a tonic. The very idea! I'd just walk up to Brownie's, consume a chocolate tin roof, and then I was certain everything would be all right.

When I got to the corner, the store looked different. 'Palace Emporium' was written in big letters across the front. On a printed bill it said, 'Soap ,teakettles, fishing tackle, and talcum powder for sale here.' Just as I was staring dumbfounded at the queer sign, the proprietor came to the door, and if it wasn't Happy Dohm! I knew him at once, even though he had lost all but one of his front teeth, but he didn't appear to recognize me. He informed me that he had been running that store for the past twenty years. He must have meant twenty minutes.

"There are some things I can't swallow," I declared, "or else I'm dreaming."

"Why," he said, "I graduated in the class of '16 and I've been keeping this store ever since."

I opened my mouth, but wisely shut it before I had time to say anything.

"Yes," he mused, "Miss Harrison was our class teacher; she's been living in Honolulu now these many years."

"Eddie!" I said to myself, and didn't feel exceptionally bright either. I resolved to hear some more of his fantastic yarns.

"What has become of Mary Baker and Mae Shumaker?" I questioned.

Hap smiled before he answered. I devoutly wished he wouldn't do that, because it showed his front teeth, or rather lack of front teeth.

"Mae is still working in a matrimonial bureau, and is making good at it too. As for Mary! Well you know we graduated in '16. Mary made a Leap Year proposal, was accepted, and cornered and married the man the night after commencement."

I could endure no more just then, and went out on the street. I noticed several peculiar, two-wheeled machines passing by. On inquiry I was informed that they were gyroscopes, and were used entirely now instead of jitneys. I would scarcely have known I was in Butler had it not been for the 'Butler slow town' signs at the ends of the streets. I remembered those and the 'Hotel Butler.'

It was evening now and as I crossed the street in search of a restaurant, my attention was attracted by some moving picture posters. "Everybody Come to See the Wonderful Slippery Slim, the Second." I remembered Slippery the first, and vaguely wondered what had become of him. I extracted a dime from my pocket, and handed it to the girl who sat at the ticket window.

"No show here for less than fifty cents!" she snapped, and glared seethingly at me. I conceived the idea then and there that she was the person who had swiped my peanuts, and resolved to have my revenge some sweet, sad day.

Every one stared at me when I entered the show, but I tossed my head in the air and ignored their rude scrutinies. I didn't see a familiar face in the whole crowd. Then the pictures started and I saw Slippery Slim begin to grin and smirk around and smirk and grin around and then—Wonders never cease, and by this time I was becoming immune to shocks. It was Skinny Inhofe.

A girl sitting beside me noticed my smothered ejaculation, and thought she would explain matters.

"You see, deah," she murmured in a sugary voice, "Skinny hath to do that to suthport his clath flower, as he calls his wife. You see hith clath flower wuth a Rose."

I did an unpardonable thing then. I didn't care a stick of gum if it was a breach of etiquette. I opened my mouth and gawked—yes gawked at the poor girl. I felt weak and faint, and had sort of a ticklish feeling in my throat. Laura's expression said as plainly as Latin, 'the poor nut! She oughtn't to be allowed to run at large.' Inwardly I sputtered and simmered and boiled, then looked back at the pictures.

The reel was over now, and a cheap vaudeville star was announced. A tall portly—extremely portly—and though I tried to avoid such rudeness, I fear we will even be forced to call her fat—middle aged lady came dancing out on the stage. She kittenishly cocked her head on one side, as far as possible, and to an accompaniment of eyebrow lifts, began to sing, "Don't 'Cha Love Me Like You Used to Pumpkins?"

After she had finished, the man who ran the show came out and said in a matter of fact way, that he was sure we all enjoyed Lois Clay's solo very much, and that she would be there again the following week.

* * * * * * * * *

When I came to, I was soaked with cold water, and everyone was crowded around me. I begged an interview with Miss Clay, and they brought her back to me. Well, it was Jinney, if you used a very vivid imagination, and a few hallucinations. Like Hap, she had no idea as to my identity. I made bold to ask her what Clayton Fetter was doing.

"Oh gosh dear," she began, and added a long sentimental effusion, "tomorrow is when he has his aeroplane race with Art Smith. He makes a little money on the side by peddling doughnuts and running a grind organ. Surely you're not so b..k woodsy you didn't know that!"

"Why certainly not," I managed to utter weakly, "and where is Stella Staley?"

"Oh that's a town joke. He's in Chicago in one of the leading milliner shop

He is posing as a model, for trying on the new spring styles in ladies' hats. Laura over there is living on a farm a mile west of town. Once every fortnight she brings the eggs to market, and indulges in the movies."

I determined to ask one more question, but my heart stopped beating before I asked it. I closed my eyes and took the plunge.

"And Fred Wiley, where is she?" Jinny shook her head dolefully.

"Very sad case, very sad and very mysterious. She disappeared about three weeks before commencement. It has always been thought that she was kidnapped, poor girl. I have always maintained that she was cut out for a hotel waitress too!"

I made a wild dash for the door to get some fresh air. My brain felt as if it had been stirred with a butter paddle, and then salted down until it had become stale. I observed for the first time that I had lost all my hair pins, and my hair was streaming down my back. It was white too! Some one must have powdered it while I was sleeping. No wonder people thought I was a queer looking specimen. I did not feel sleepy, and spent the entire night walking the streets, trying to fathom the mystery.

In the morning paper I saw a detailed account of Captain Mildred Wiley's expedition into Mexico. Apparently she had organized a women's army troop, and had been dispatched to Mexico to quell a rebellion. She was ordered to capture Villa the Second, either dead or alive. Sort of a second Joan of Arc, as it were. I didn't even try to let that penetrate my brain, because I knew there was absolutely no chance or space for it to go in.

I heard a man crying across the street, op corn five cents a sack—hair oil nty-five cents a bottle." I idly won- l if they were to be served separately together. Hap, front tooth and all, was in standing in front of his 'Palace Em- m,' and I asked him who the man s.

"Why that's Professor Day. He got his Doctor's degree a year or so ago, and now he's taking life easy."

Then he told me how Donald's Miller's hair had turned gray over night, from worrying over his pet bug. He had made himself famous. He discovered a certain kind of bug called the 'B. H. S. hierogliphic-conglomeracae,' that was noted for its sweet though powerful voice. It seems that it was very rare, and was possessed only by rich families. It was gradually taking the place of victrolas, and those old timer music boxes were found packed away in the attics. And to think I had the honor of sitting beside him the last year in B. H. S. assembly room.

Then I asked what had become of Fred Wiley.

"She was kidnapped some twenty years ago," he said reminiscently, "it was a very mysterious happening.'

I began to wonder where I had been taken when I was so mysteriously kidnapped. I walked to the west end of town where some one was having trouble with a steam engine. There was no one in sight, but two feet protruded from under the side of the engine. I recognized them at once. That width! that length! those white soles. There was no doubt in my mind.

"Mr. Wallace," I called, and immediately a head appeared at the other side of the engine, "I just wanted to ask what you'd been doing for the past twenty years.

"Rather an odd question to ask of a decent fellow," he said indignantly. Then a grin—you know that grin—slowly began to appear, and I knew a joke was forthcoming. It was his old standby, but the poor man was really serious this time.

"Well it's just this way. I know all men are created free but—I got married!"

I found that I could still laugh, in spite of my dislocated brain. I knew then that twenty years really had elapsed since old '16 graduated. The only thing I could figure out was that I had slept for twenty years! A modern Rip Van Winkle! And I set out that very day, to search for the fountain of eternal youth. W. W. '16

VALEDICTORY

The poet calls the fickle muse
From the haunts wherein she hides,
And ne'er can he his fervor lose
With that Presence by his side:
We lesser mortals vainly try
To grasp the fairy ere she fly,
But no! we can but search and sigh;
Our hearts must be our guide.

Faint hearts! that shirk so great a task
And arduous to express
What habit keeps behind a mask;
Or clothed in gayer dress.
Our inmost thoughts we long to bring
At the passing of a precious thing,
And not an empty rhyme to sing,
That sadness to confess.

The happiest hours that we have spent
Have been in this, our school.
To better grow was our intent,
Howe'er the purpose cool;
The grosser things our hearts have spurned,
To nobler things our minds have turned,
And in the search have lessons learned,
Not taught by rote or rule.

In school, and out, wholehearted joy
Has banished aught of care.
Whoever knew a human boy
Or girl to feel despair?
Happy the days, now nearly past,
Days that have spent themselves too fast,
Till finally we near the last
And find a heartache there.

The ties of friendship, firm and true,
Fellowship of kindred minds,
The sympathy with all we do,
Such things we leave behind.
The smaller things may be forgot,
But although Memory's page may blot;
The spirit lives, die it cannot
That essence warm and kind.

The world we're leaving is but small,
The one we're entering, wide;
We first may stumble oft, and fall,
But will not lose our pride.
We boldly look into your face
O world! and deem it no disgrace
That each must strive to find his place:
May we wisely decide!

You who through these years have upheld
This class in darkest days,
And in your patience have excelled
And helped in many ways;
With wayward acts you could forbear
And onward marshall us with care,
We thank you for your service rare
Our teachers! yours the praise.

My class! At last I turn to you
And sadder is my sigh,
For Time has made us friends most true
Friendships that cannot die:
From this time on our paths divide,
May true success our footsteps guide,
Our hearts be strong, whate'er betide,
Goodbye, old class, goodbye! M. W.'16

SENIOR CLASS WILL

WE, THE Senior Class of '16, residing in the B. H. S., being in a perfect state of health and mind, and expecting to depart this life in a short time, do make the following "will" and "testament."

ITEM 1. I, Rose Adams, do bequeath my loving, gentle nature to Veda Oberlin, thinking she may use it to an advantage.

ITEM 2.—We, Gerald Dohm, Galen Craun and Ralph Inhofe, do will to Harold Blaker and Willard Smurr our frequent visits to the "green carpet," knowing that they will enjoy them.

ITEM 3. I, Clayton Fetter, do bequeath my knowledge of machinery to L. J. Ginder, thinking him worthy of it.

ITEM 4. I, Laura Jennings, do will my good deportment grades to Andrew Grube, hoping he will improve his own.

ITEM 5. I, Ralph Staley, do bequeath my stock of girls to Orpheus Copeland, and hope he will be satisfied with what I have acquired.

ITEM 6. I, Mae Shumaker, do bequeath unto Willard Smurr, one lock of hair as a remembrance of my regards for him.

ITEM 7. I, Lucile Waterman, now will my last chew of gum to Pauline Hart, knowing it to be as good as new.

ITEM 8. We, Winifred and Mildred Wilye do will, our ability to debate and argue unto Homer Tinney and William Eakright, knowing their needs.

ITEM 9. I, Lois Clay, do will my powder and face chamois to Winona Mickey, knowing that she will use it.

ITEM 9. I, Mary Baker, do bequeath my solemn countenance unto Mae Bryant.

ITEM 11. I, Donald Miller, do bequeath my "stand-in" with the teachers to Jack Johnson hoping that he will appreciate the same.

ITEM 12. We, the Senior Class, do solemnly will or bequeath our seats and good behavior unto the brilliant Juniors.

D. E. M. '16

ATHLETICS

School authorities are beginning to realize that the physical development of the pupil is an essential element of his life.

At the beginning of the school year a number of the prominent citizens of Butler, led by Professor Day and Rev. Gardner, attempted to start a movement for a new gymnasium. Although this was not accomplished this year, they feel confident of it by another year.

A short time after school commenced, a baseball team was organized and practice begun, but no games were played owing to bad weather. The team has been called together and a spring schedule is being made out and several good games are expected to be played before school is out.

For the first time in several years we have a thoroughly competent coach, in the person of Mr. Wallace, and basket ball was begun quite early. A meeting was called and Galen Craun was elected captain. Since that time we have practiced regularly.

The girls also selected a team, but they disbanded after playing two games owing to the poor condition of our hall.

The boys schedule consisted of eight games of which they won four and lost four. The team was handicapped throughout the year by sickness and in only three games was the entire team able to play.

Although no records were made in athletics this year, we feel satisfied owing to the existing conditions under which we have had to play.

It is a sincere wish of the present graduating class that the remaining class of high school will have a new gy
next year and will not have to play
old shack that we have been co lled to
play in during our four years
school.

MUSIC AND DRAMATICS

During the four years in which the class of sixteen have been in the B. H. S., there has been a marked improvement in the music of the school. The study of the lives of the composers and the singing of the great compositions of these men is a great aid to the proper appreciation of good music. We have also studied the stories of numerous grand operas, as "The Bohemian Girl," "Martha," "Fidelio," "Lohengrin," "Il Trovatore," "The Singers of Nuremburg" and many others. Besides this we have studied the rudiments of music.

During the past four years four operettas have been given by the school. The first was "Midsummer Eve," a fairy play given by the primary grades; the second year "The Windmills of Holland," a Dutch operetta by the High School; the third year "Mr. Bob" by the High School, and this year "The Captain of Plymouth," also by the High School. A play without music, "What Happened to Jones," was

he Senior class April 28.

Edison, purchased this spring,
e of great pleasure and amuse-
ur music-loving school.

he great musical and dramatic events that took place in Butler was the May Festival. It took place on Friday, May fifth. It lasted from ten o'clock A. M. to half past three o'clock in the afternoon. The morning program consisted of two principal events, the May-day celebration and the Shakespeare tercentenary celebration. The first comprised songs, folk dances, etc., by the primary, the children representing birds, bees, butterflies and flowers. The big feature of this part of the program was the May-pole dance by the children. The second feature of the morning consisted of choruses from Shakespeare's plays as "Hark, Hark, the Lark," "Who is Sylvia?" and "I Know a Bank." The Juniors gave a scene from "Midsummer Night's Dream," the Sophomores a masque written by one of the Seniors, and the Freshmen a scene from "The Merchant of Venice."

The afternoon was devoted entirely to the Indiana Centennial. All the grades from the third up gave pageants and tableaux representing Indiana life and history. The program was ended with an operetta, "The Birth of Yankee Doodle," followed by the entire school singing "Indiana," and "America." M. W.

THE B. H. S. COMET

Published by The
Students of B. H. S. Butler, Ind.

Vol. II. May, 1916. No. 3.

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EDITORIALS

This month nearly all the world except the nations engaged in war, is observing the tercentenary of its greatest literary, poetic and dramatic figure. William Shakespeare died three hundred years ago, April twenty-third. Most of the schools of this country are giving special attention this month to the life and works of the immortal bard.

Beyond all doubt Shakespeare was the most remarkable man that ever lived. He was brought up in commonplace surroundings, had scarcely any schooling, and was inp oor circumstances a great part of his life. He seems to have had no opportunity and yet he was a master of human nature. In his writings stand revealede all the emotions of every class and kind of people. He was a human miracle, for he seems to be an embodiment of the human race. He seems to have known everything. We cannot explain Shakespeare, but we can appreciate him.

One hundred years ago Indiana became a state. In commemoration of this great event, all the cities over the state today are planning great pageants and celebrations, representing the history of this country from the pioneer days to the present time. Butler is going to partake in this celebration in May day and all the grades for the third year up are to represent the centennial part of the celebration. There will be pantomines with patriotic figures, singing of the state and national songs, etc.

"The wind of Heaven never fanned,
The circling sunlight never spanned,
The border of a fairer land
Than our own Indiana.
Indiana, Indiana, Indiana!"

We, the senior class, here extend our heartiest thanks to the public who have so generously supported our efforts in the publication of the "B. H. S. Comet" this year, and especially of this commencement number. If we have accomplished anything, we owe it to you. In this, our final number we have attempted to present all the matter usually contained in a Tropaeum, in order that our readers may see something of what the school has been doing this year. Whether or not the "Comet" will be published in future years we know not, but we have attempted to make its last appearance this year more than a flicker, though it may not be a blaze.

In a Calm Sea Every Man is a Pilot.

In a calm sea every man is a pilot. How true this is in our present day life. In the course of a day you meet many men who seem to be perfect leaders. To hear them talk, one would think, "what great men these are. They are bold, talkative men, and seem to have dominant power."

Where are these men when the boat begins to rock, when the storm clouds come over horizon? You expect to find them at the wheel guiding the ship safely through the storm. Ah, no they are some place in the background—poor quitters.

Who takes hold now? Some quiet, observing, reticent man, who have never been noticed before. He is the man o whom we may depend. He d around talking incessantly of and then back out when the high.

- - LITERARY - -

ELSIE BENNETT'S EASTER BONNET

"Did you say it would cost eight dollars, Elsie? It seems a good deal, but if you have set your heart on it I would like you to have it—yet—I don't know, there is the wood bill to pay—I had forgotten that—perhaps we could—"

"Granny, we can't—" the young girl flew to the old lady's side and seized both hands—"What a pig I was to tell you about that lovely hat in Toledo. After Easter I will get my spring hat and that's time enough. Think of the nice things we could buy for you with eight dollars."

"I know, dear, but the other girls in the choir will have new hats and you with your beautiful voice when you sing the solo—I'm sorry, dear, you can't have it."

Elsie dismissed the subject and started to choir practice. The choir was trying to have the Easter music the best they had ever attempted and this was the last rehearsal.

As Elsie sped by the big house of the Morton's, she remembered that the General's nephew had returned after many yars in England. He was a great portrait painter now and Elsie remembered him as a play fellow.

She went on to choir rehearsal and came home late. She paused to listen at her grandmother's door to be sure she was asleep, and then pushed the door open as she saw light through the cracks. "Granny, are you all right?" then paused speechless at the sight. Her grandmother stood before the mirror and on her head was an old-time bonnet of beflowing splendor with ribbon strings tied under her chin in a dashing bow. Elsie burst into a peal of laughter. "Oh Granny prinking and I caught you."

The old lady turned eagerly. "Oh See your Easter bonnet! It was [illegible]t's best until it went out of style and was put away, but now big hats are being worn again. I just happened to think of it. Put it on and see how it looks."

Elsie's first impulse was to laugh, then as she saw her grandmother's eager face and hands quivering with excitement, she ran forward. "But it won't fit me," she cried.

"Yes, it will, put it on and see."

So Elsie with herc heeks ablaze put on the bonnet. She had talked about "big hats" to Granny and how could she know they were not poke bonnets. What should she do? Elsie was thinking up a dozen excuses but on looking at the old face, it warned her there would be no escape.

She cried herself to sleep and when Easter day dawned bright and clear, she boldly tied the ribbons under her chin. She met some of the girls on her way to church and they were sympathetic upon hearing her story.

"I saw the Morton's and their nephew going to church," said one of the girls.

Elsie quietly resolved to hurry home after service and not walk with Mrs. Morton as was her custom.

Sydney Morton was unspoiled by the eager public and was glad to be back in his childhood home, even for a short time, He thought that the music was unusually good this Easter day and he was quite surprised to hear Elsie Bennett's voice as she sang her solo, slightly tremulous but sweet and true.

Such a voice! Sidney did not know the distress back of the big straw bonnet. He merely thought "a musical genius who tries to be eccentric—what a hat!"

After the service, Elsie tried to slip away, but she ran into the Rector's wife who detained her and then she heard an unfamiliar masculine voice exclaim: "Oh Mrs. Elliot—pardon me, but is it neces-

sary to be introduced to a young lady with whom you have played as a child? My aunt tells me it was Miss Elsie Bennett who sang the solo and though I used to know her when she wore mittens and pinafores I have not seen her since—''

''Because of her Easter bonnet—'' burst out Elsie and then joined in the laugh as she shook hands with the stranger and briefly told them her story.

''But why feel so?'' asked the artist. ''What is style? Do not women aim to wear what best becomes them? A poke bonnet may hide a face, but also may serve as a background, if an attractive face is in front. I was curious to know where that beautiful voice came from and, as curiosity is a part of my nature, I was not satisfied until I found out.''

They left Elsie at her gate and as they went on Mrs. Eliot asked, ''And now you have seen her, are you satisfied?''

''No, not yet,'' he replied with a queer smile.

The next day General Morton and his nephew called on Mrs. Bennett and the artist obtained permission to paint Elsie in her Easter bonnet. It was a picture of a saucy, bewitching face under an enormous poke bonnet, over which clambered red roses and big black ribbons were tied under a dimpled chin.

Years later, as the artist and his wife looked at it, he said. ''By Jove! Elsie—that Easter bonnet knew its business.''

B. A. '17

THE GHOST

The men of the Mesquite Ranch were all gathered around the camp fire, peacefully smoking, and telling of their day's experiences. Into their midst came Bill, their fellow rancher, to bid them goodbye, telling them that his girl, Sarah had been to a party again with another fellow and he was going to hang himself.

Bill had come to the Ranch in the spring as cook. Every time he and his girl had any trouble, he would go to all the boys at the ranch and bid them good-bye, and try to hang himself, but someone would always save him. This had happened about seven times. This particular time, after they had been to supper, Bill went to all the boys and shook hands with them, weeping as he did so, telling them he would never get another meal for them.

After they were all wrapped in their blankets for the night, Bill brought out his rope and barrel, which he had used several times previous for the same thing. He placed the barrel under a tree near which the ranchers were sleeping, so they would be sure to see him. He tied the rope in the tree, climbed up on the barrel —tied the rope around his neck. He then kicked the barrel out from under him, all the while expecting some one to save him, as they always had. But on this occasion they had formed a plan to break him of trying to kill himself. They let him hang until he was nearly dead, then they took him down. When he began to show signs of consciousness they gave him chloroform.

Then they loaded him in a wagon and took him to a cave which had been prepared for his reception. When he came to, he was at a loss to know where he was. He opened his eyes and beheld the Evil One standing before him, and then he remembered what had happened and thought that he was in the lower world. He was very much frightened. He coaxed and begged to go back to earth, and said he would never be dissatisfied or try to kill himself again, if they would just give him another chance.

The Evil One asked him whether he would rather go back to earth as a ghost or be cast into the fiery firmament. He at once decided to be a ghost. The Evil One told him under what conditions he could go back. He told him that he could see and hear other people talk, but they could not see or hear him. He was cook and wash the dishes for th
without receiving any pay for

would have to hire some one to do the work, since he would only be going through the motions. At any time he failed to do these things, he would be cast into the seething fire. He was then told to lie down and go to sleep and he would be back on earth in the morning.

After he went to sleep, the Evil One, who was only the boss of the ranch, gave him more chloroform. When he awoke in the morning, he was back at the ranch. He immediately arose and began getting breakfast. After breakfast they all gathered around the fire, and began to talk of Bill, saying all the bad things they could think of about him. This made him very angry, and he began to dispute with them, but to no avail. They did not heed him. He then remembered that he was merely a ghost.

This went on for about two weeks. Bill was very dissatisfied for he was doing a great deal of work and receiving no pay. One day while he was alone he saw Sarah coming. She went up to his grave, which was under the tree on which he had hung himself. She put flowers on his grave and shed many tears. He saw all this and felt very sad, as he knew now she was very sorry he was dead, but he thought there was no use of his going out where she was, as she could nots ee him.

At last she looked toward the tent and saw him. She went running to him asking what it all meant. He told her all he knew about it. After much talking, she was able to convince him that he was not dead.

He wrote a letter, telling all the boys what he thought of them, and demanding his apy for the two weeks. He left the ranch with Sarah, never to return.

H. S. '18

WHAT'S THE USE?

"I wish yo'd git out o' hyar yo' lazy [illegible] old Aaunty Garner, as she

"Yo' stan' aroun' all de time [illegible]ttin' me [illegible]'te de livin.' Git out 'o hyar 'fore I throw yo' out!"

Mr. and Mrs. Garner lived in a small house along the railroad. Every morning Mr. Garner, or "Lazy Jim," as he was called, would take a large clothes basket and go after the wash which Mrs. Garner had been engaged to do. At night he would return it and grudgingly give Mrs. Garner the hard earned money.

"I's tired o' dis kind o' livin'. It takes all muh time runnin' back an' forth for yo,' an' what do I git fo' it? Nothin' but kicks an' beatins'! So I'm goin' to git out an' do somethin' what'll make all de white folks set up an' take notice."

"Humph, it's a pity yo' couldn't shet dat fly trap o' yo's!"

"Yo' may not b'lieve it but I mean it." And with this he walked out of the door and, jingling some money which he had taken from his wife's pocket book, went over to the station.

"I want uh a ticket to de capitol," said lazy Jim, pushing the money towards the agent.

The men who were standing by the stove laughed at this. The idea of lazy Jim Garner going to the capitol! It seemed impossible.

"Yo' may think it's funny, but dis nigger, though he am lazy, is goin' to make a by-rilliant c'reer for his self."

When Jim arrived at Indianapolis, he had but a quarter of a dollar left. He walked about twelve blocks, dodging street cars and other conveyances, until he came to a small restaurant.

"I reckon dey'll let me come in," he said to himself. "I'll try it any way."

On giving his order, the waiter, who was also a negro, told him he looked like a travelling man.

"I is," said Jim. "I travelled all de way from a little village about thirty miles from here. I'm out o' work jist now, so I thought I'd come down hyar. Do yo' know o' a vacant place in any o' dese eatin' houses around hyar?"

"I don't know, but I think yo' could

get a place hyar, for one o' de fellers has quit. I'll ask de boss if yo'll wait."

When he returned, it was to tell Jim that he would be taken on trial for a few days, and that he would receive two dollars a week until the strike was over, then he wouldr eceive two dollars and a half.

"Dat's better'n I thought I'd git," Jim confided to his new friend. "My wife got a funny streak dis mornin' an' tol' me to git—I'll tell yo' de rest after while. Is dat de boss comin' dere?"

"Laws yes, an' he's madder'n a hornet! Yo'd better be purty polite to him or he might tell yo' to beat it."

"Ain't you going to get to work?" asked theb oss. "You've lost the money for thirty minutes of your week's wages already. You'll find an apron and plenty of towels in the kitchen. Now get busy!"

Jim hurried in to the kitchen at the heels of as mall boy who ran errands for the cook.

"Well, I never waited on a person but myself. I reckon though, that I kin run de bluff."

When the evening meal was over Jim had broken three trays of dishes and overturned two side tables.

"When de boss finds out about dis dat yo's done dis evenin' he fire yo' fo' sure," said the cook.

"Hyar he comes, so yo'll soon find out what he's got to say. His face looks like a thundah cloud, so we're sho' to hab a storm," said a waiter.

"Mr. Garner, it pleases me to say that your services are no longer required, and that you will have to pay five dollars for the dishes you broke."

Jim didn't know which way to turn. He had no money and nothing he could give as security but a scarf pin which his mother-in-law had given him years before.

"Suh, I hain't got no money but I'll give yo 'dis pin until I can earn 'nough to pay yo'. An' be careful wid it 'cause it was kinda costy."

When Jim left the restaurant he had no idea of what to try next. He walked along the lighted street and on looking back he saw a policeman running towards him.

"You are charged with robbery. Come to police headquarters with me."

"Fo' laws sake! I hain't robbed any one. Who says I have? I jist got in town dis mornin' an' I'm huntin' work."

"You can tell that to the chief. Come along!"

That night Jim slept in a cell. The nex morning he was taken before the chief and would have given up and said he robbed the lady, but for a policeman running in with a negro by the collar.

"I've caught the right one, chief, he confesses to having taken the pocket-book while the lady was getting a bill changed."

"That clears you, James Garner. You may go."

"Fo' goodness sake, who'd a thought 'at me, Jim Garner, would a been arrested? W'y I wouldn't have de ol' lady an' all de neighbors to know it f' anythin'. Well if dere don't come my mother-in-law!! Me fo' de little ol' house by de railroad."

Jim started off down the street to the station. His mother-in-law saw him but did not recognize him.

When he reached home, he heard his wife calling for him.

"Where hab yo' been? I've jist called until I'm hoarse. Come take dese clothes home! De idea ob yo' ever doin' anythin' but layin' aroun' is more dan I c'n realize. Nowh urry back fo' suppah will soon be ready."

As Jim moved rapidly along the street he thought of his experiences.

"De ol' lady must think I stayed out all night for she didn't say thything about it."

"I guess every one must be right about me makin' somethin' out o' myself. It all de great men had had a sta't l mine dey'd a' give up too. So I sa de use?' "

. K. 19

SENIOR CHART

Name	Nickname	Failing	Occupation	Ambition	Will probably be
Mae Shumaker	Maesie	Boys	Flirting	Establishing an Old Maid Asylum	Kidnapped
Garald Dohm	Happy	Girls	Making a hit	Cause a sensation	A popcorn vender
Rose Adams	Becky	Cooking	Joy-riding	To please all	Skinny's
Donald Miller	Miller	Blowing	Courting Edna	Own a garage	Plodhopper
Lois Clay	Jinny	Kidding	Day-dreaming	Has none	Prima Donna
Ralph Staley	Stella	Posing	Giggling	Stand-in	Holy terror
Mary Baker	Baker	Absence	Talking	To teach school	A housewife
Ralph Inhofe	Skinny	Flowers	Smirking	Wedlock	Undecided
Winifred Wiley	Freddy	Moonlight	Dancing	Go to Angola	Movie Actress
Galen Craun	Crauny	Waterloo	Writing letters	Set the world afire	Evangelist
Mildred Wiley	Moonie	Arguing	Making eyes	Make stump speeches	Gov. of Indiana
Clayton Fetter	Peter	Mechanics	Eating	To boss things	Famous
Lucile Waterman	Peggy	Absent Mindedness	Orchestra Practice	Lots of dates	Suffragette
Laura Jennings	Midget	Tunk	Themes on Time	100 in deportment	Married

B. H. S. ALPHABET

A is for Andy, the tiny boy,
Sleeping seems to be his chief joy.

B is for Bob, the regular man,
He plays trombone in the city band.

C is for Crauny, the high school swell,
He has lots of girls, to hear him tell.

D is for Della, the dark haired maid,
She says of boys she is not afraid.

E is for Esther so prim and so sweet,
They say she never gets cold feet.

F is for Fred, our light-headed maid,
Butler for Auburn she soon will trade.

G is for Garald, the rosy-cheeked lad,
It's a stated fact that he makes Mickey glad.

H is for Hussy, the violin boy,
Peggy we know is his next best joy.

I is for Inhofe, the boy who knows
That Rose is the sweetest flower that blows.

J is for Jinny, the tall blond girl,
She sets our little Blake's head in a whirl.

K is for Keller, the freshmen cook,
She is just lost without a book.

L is for Laura the Senior class winner,
They say she has "Tunk" down for Sunday dinner.

M is for Mildred, Margaret and Mae,
The three bright girls of this school day.

N is for naught, the zero mark,
The scholars get when they take a lark.

O is for Orpheus the little lean child,
There is no danger of his "running wild."

P is for Pauline, Roscoe's joy and pride,
If she wasn't a Junior she would be a "spring bride."

Q is for queer, the "grades" we get,
They certainly are the worstest yet.

R is for Ruth, who'll do or die,
To win the love of an Alpha Delta Phi.

S is for Stella, the Freshmen's "star,"
Nobody knows who all of "his" girls are.

T is for Tinney, the tall dark Hoosier,
In a fight he never is a loser.

U is for Underhill, the little Sophy,
To die she would for the sake of Blakey.

V is for Veda, and her bass viol,
She's the girl that sets the style.

W is for We, the Senior Class,
Are we in it? Well, I guess!

X-Y-Z is for the Faculty,
They are just as sweet as they can be (?)

L. W. and R. A. '16.

Popular Books and Authors.

Peg O' My Heart.....Earnest Husselman
Knowledge and Wisdom.....Seniors
My Freshman Girl.....Ralph Staley
Freshman Love Stories.....Jessie Drake
Slim .....Orpheus Copeland
Interesting Short Stories...F. L. Wallace
Love at School.....Ralph Inhofe
The Little Colonel.....Dorothy Jones
She Sleeps.....Winifred Wiley
How to Get Along Without a Girl
Elga Ginder

Can you imagine?
Skinny not talking to Rose.
Donald silent.
Lester with a girl.
Venus not giggling.
Jonesy not watching Seniors.

High School Geometry

Given Mae and Willard.
To prove: There is no case.
Given Georgia.
To prove: She'll be a Senior.

B. H. Automobile. 1916 Model.

Steering Wheel—E. E. Day.
Self-Starter—Harold Blaker.
Gas Tank—Donald Miller.
Crank—Dorothy Jones.
Honk-Konk—Floyd Wineland.
Speed Levers—Slow, Harold Johnson
High, Garald D[illegible] about myself. If
Sparkers—Bert M. and Mae B. [illegible]'t I mine
Willard S. and Ma[illegible] sa
Headlights—Robbie Wyatt
Long. . K. 19

Favorite Music

"Compensation"—Miss Drake.

"When Grown-up Ladies Act Like Babies"—Pauline.

"The Right Sort of Boy and the Right Sort of Girl—Blake.

"There's a Girl in the Heart of Newville"—Hank.

"The Longest Way Round is the Sweetest Way Home"—Lois.

"Blest Be the Tie That Binds"—Georgia.

"There's a Little Bit of Heaven Called St. Joe"—Jack.

"One Wonderful Night"—Esther

"Hold Me in Your Ever Lovin' Arms" (Some Moonlight)—Fred.

"A Girl in Your Arms is Worth Two in Your Dreams—Crauny.

"Where is My Wondering Boy Tonight"—Mickey.

"Rose, Rose, Rose"—Skinny.

"Spirit of Independence"—T. M.

"My Little Girl"—Staley.

"Hello Hawaii, How are You?"—Miss Harrison.

"If You Had My Disposition You Would Love Me all the Time"—Veda.

"Italia"—Della.

"Just a Little Love, a Little Kiss'—Mae.

"The Little Old Ford Rambled Right Along"—Milderd.

"Peg O' My Heart"—Hussy.

"I'm Simply Crazy Over You"—Happy.

"Just a 'Wearin' Now for You"—Willard.

"When I Was a Baby and You Were the Kid Next Door"—Ruth.

"Pass Me a Napkin I've Egg on My Chin"—Wallace.

Woman ,to tramp)—Now, if you don't leave at once I will call my husband, and he's an old Harvard football player.

Tramp—Lady, if you love him, don't tell him out. I used to play with Yale.

B. H. S. Aquarium

Whale—Orpheus.

Clams—Leonard W., Bob Sewell, Glen Cherry.

Snails—Skinny I., Helen C.

Lobsters—Junior Class.

Oyster—Ora Souder.

Shrimp—Andy Grube.

Red fish—T. M.

Jellyfish—Mae B.

(Falling) Star fish—Clayton F.

Sea Monsters—Faculty.

Codfish—Bill Hosack.

Dog fish—Donald Miller.

Suckers—Freshmen.

Crab—Willard S.

Cat fish—Veda O.

Bull head—Galen C.

Minnows—Rose A., Winona M., Willa U.

Shiners—Bert M., Willard U.

Sardines—Happy, Hussy, Blakey.

Snapping Turtel—Miss Jones.

Walarus—Bill Eakright.

Sponge—Staley.

Whit fish—Homer T.

Flat fish—Wallace.

Muscle fish—Lois C.

Shark—Alda M.

Fossil fish—Sniors.

Torpedo fish—Lucile W.

Craw(l) fish—Hazel Harrison.

Frog—Ruth G.

Moss(y)—Weinie.

Eel—Frank Ramey.

Octopus—Mae S.

Flying fish—Esther H.

Blue gills—Robert Ulm.

Pike(r)—Jack Johnson.

Sword fish—Mr. Day.

Carp—Lloyd Clay.

Stingaree—Winifred W.

Herring—Miss Drake.

Crocodile—Mildred Wiley.

Canned fish—Possum Army.

Mer(e)maids—Lucile O., Lois P., Gertrude S., Margaret V.

Old Mon of the Sea—Cicero.

Oh You Domestic Science!

Rosey made a little cake,
Made it all for Skinny's sake—
Skinny ate it, every crumb,
Then he heard the heavenly drum
Whispering softly, "Skinny, come!"

Studying "Midsummer Night's Dream"

Mae (reading)—"And Robin shall restore amends."

Miss H.—Robin who?

Mae—O-er-Robin Adair?

Donald (excitedly)—"May I get my Childe Harold?"

"Children," said the Sunday School superintendent, "this picture illustrates today's lesson: Lot was warned to take his wife and daughters and flee out of Sodom. Here is Lot and his daughters, with his wife just behind them; and there is Sodom in the background. Now has any girl or boy a question before we take up the study of the lesson? Well, Susie?"

"Pleathe, thir," lisped the latest graduate from the infant class, "where ith the flea?"—Harper's Magazine.

Dentist—Open wider, please—wider.

Patient—A-A-A-Ah.

Dentist—(inserting rubber gag, towel and sponge)—How's your wife and family?

Miss Drake is my teacher; I shall not pass.

She maketh me to write sentences in Latin; She maketh me to explain them in class;

She restoreth my sorrow. She leadeth me in the paths of declension, for the sake of work.

Yea, tho I walk through the valley of ablatives absolute I will fear no sentence, For there are others with me. My pen and my tablet comfort me.

She prepareth an examination for me in the presence of mine enemies; She anointeth my head with gerunds; My brain runneth over (?).

Surely sorrow and sadness shall follow me all the days of my life, And I shall dwell in the B. H. S. forever.

Winifred—What makes you think his intentions are serious?

Lois—When he first began to call he talked about the books I liked to read.

Winifred—And now?

Lois—Now he talks about the things he likes to eat.

A la Mode.

"Old Millyuus says that since he made his plie he feels like a neutral nation."

"Why is that?"

"Because he has so many diplomat' lations."

Compromise

A little colored girl, a new-comer in Sunday School, gave her name to the teacher as "Fertilizer Johnson." Later the teacher asked the child's mother if that was right.

"Yes, ma'am, dat's her name," said the fond parent. "You see she were named for me and her father. Her father's name am Ferdinand and my name is Liza. So we calls her Fertilizer."

A professor in an educational institution of the city was examining some students in hygienic science.

"The great city aggromerations vitiate the atmosphere," he said. "Morfiberous germs, escaping from inhabited interiors contaminate the air round about. In the country, however, the atmosphere remains pure. Why is that, Jones?"

"Because," said Jones, "the people in the country never open their windows."

—Tit Bits.

He Was Wise.

He had been calling on her twice a week for six months, but had not proposed. He was a wise young man, and did not think it necessary.

"Ethel," he said, as they were strolling one evening, "I-er-am going to ask you on important question."

"Oh, George" she exclaimed, "this is so sudden. Why-I-"

"What I want to ask is this," he interrupted: "What date have you and your mother decided upon for our wedding?"

Obvious.

Mr. Wallace (In History)—What sign did these bands of anarchists use? (hold-up right hand.)

Pupils (Immediately) — The Black Hand.

Ella—Miss Antique says she wishes she could step to the phone and call up her college days.

Stella—If she did, she'd have to employ long distance phone.

Bickerings of a Bachelor.

No woman is a silent partner in a matrimonial firm.

Every time a man accepts a ten-cent gift from a woman it costs him a dollar.

A woman can never understand why her husband doesn't feel sorry for a widower or a bachelor.

Uxorious.

Extract from lecture by N. C. O. "Your rifle is your best friend, take every care of it; treat it as you would your wife; rub it thoroughly with an oily rag every day."—Punch.

Two little fleas sat on a rock
And one to the other said:
"I have no place to hang my hat
Since my old dog is dead.
I've traveled the wide world over,
And farther will I roam,
But the first darn dog that shows his face
Will be my Home Sweet Home!"

"How much are your four dollar shoes?" asked the smart one.

"Two dollars a foot," replied the salesman, wearily.

He—I heard that Griggs wrote that wonderful poem while two cats were fighting outside of his window.

She—I wonder how he did it.

He—Probably the mews inspired him.

"My brother is going away to study culture," said the boastfu' boy.

"Agri-culture on a farm, I suppose," remarked the giggly girl.

"I hear, old man, that you are going to start housekeeping. What have you got toward it?"

"A wife."

"Your greatest enemy is whisky," said the parson.

"But," said the wayward one, "you have always told us to love our enemies."

"Yes," answered the good man, "but I never advised you to swallow them."

It All Depends.

"Now," Miss Ethel, said the teacher of the grammar class, "will you decline to love."

"Not if the right young man insists," answered Ethel, who was on the ragged edge of sweet sixteen.

A lady one time saw a mouse
And screamed aloud with fright
The mouse saw the lady fair
And scampered out of sight.

Canadian Comedy.

Freshie (to Soph who is rubbing his eye)—What's the matter, old top?

Soph—Oh I just came back from Windsor and I got a foreign substance in my eye.

The minister hurried down the aisle and grasped the stranger's hand.

"I am glad to see you tonight," he said, "I can see by the expression on your face that you are laboring under some deep sorrow, some great disappointment."

"You're right! I came in here thinking this was a movie, and having got in I didn't have the nerve to get up and walk out."

Teacher—Why Jimmy, Jimmy, have you forgotten your pencils again? What would you think of a soldier going to war without his gun?

Jimmy—I'd think he was an officer.

A Love Story.

Chapter I. Maid One.
Chapter II. Maid Won.
Chapter III. Made One.

Ain't it the Truth?

Teacher—"The sphinx has eyes but cannot—"

"See," cried the children.

"Has ears but it cannot—"

"Hear," they responded.

"Has a mouth but cannot—"

"Eat," said the chorus.

"Has a nose but cannot—"

"Wipe it," thundered the class.

Froth.

Customer—I want some coffee in the bean.

Clerk—You'll have to go to the next story, this is the ground floor.

Farmers white-wash their chicken-coops to keep the chickens from eating the grain.

"I'm getting a lot out of that course."

"That so?"

"Yes! I'm out of it most of the time."

—Yale Record.

"What happened to Bill's engagement to the cabaret dancer?"

"Oh she wiggled out of it some way."

"Have you been gyming, Bertie?"

"Yeth, and am getting stwong. Cawn't roll a cigarette now without bweaking the papah."—Ex.

Prof—I'm sorry, Mr. Simp, but I found it necessary to flunk you. Do you know why?

Simp—I haven't an idea.

Prof—That's exactly right!

Ruth—I encountered an awful experience last night.

Mae—What town was he from?

Miss Drake—What is a semi-deponent verb?

William—One that is fifty-fifty.

And Thus It Started.

Angel—You must get out of the garden.

Eve—Oh, Adam, I can't go. You know I haven't a thing to wear.—Ex.

Orpheus—Next Tuesday will be Ash Wednesday.

He (of Indianapolis)—Are you fond codfish balls?

She (of Terre Haute)—I don't know, never attended one.

Rough Stuff.

"Sandy, didya get a hand-out at d joint?"

"Naw—a foot out."

Not the Language of the Tribe.

A young man, a college graduate, when out bicycleing one day lost control of his machine on a steep hill and was thrown off. Two men found him lying along the road.

"What's the matter?" they said.

"Well," replied the college man. "I came down that decline with the greatest velocity and lost my center of gravity, and was precipitated on the hard macadamized road."

"G'wan leave him alone," said one of the men, "he's a pesky foreigner."

The joke editors of the "Comet" wish that all people handing in jokes for publication would write them on thin paper so that we can see through them. This is important.

Teacher (In Eng.)—Ray, you may comment on Will Honeycomb.

Ray—He was sure some lady fusser.

Teacher—Can't you use better language than that?

Ray—Well then, he was strong for the ladies.

Six Were Enough

Judge—Were there any reasons, Mike, why you should have gone on this tear?

Mike—Sure, your honor, seven of them.

Judge—And what were they?

Mike—Me and six whiskeys, your honor.

A Mouthful.

"Willie, what is your last name?"

[illegible]h."

[illegible]?"

[illegible]law just whaled me."—Ex.

[illegible]ses—Soused last night, weren't

[illegible]—Only had one glass—

[illegible]sses—What?

[illegible]But they kept fillin' it up.

[illegible]word Rhymes That Mean Volumes.

[illegible]Broke Spring Dark Plan

Ring Spark Man

Fondly dedicated to Harold Johnson.

I wish I was a little rock,
A sitting on a hill
A doing nothing all day day long,
But just a sitting still.

I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't drink,
I wouldn't even wash;
But set and set a thousand years,
And rest myself, by gosh!

Probably Did.

She—Why are you so angry about your interview with father?

He—Why, I think I have a kick coming.

"Have you "Lambs Tales" in your muff?

"No, this is a Mexican hairless dog."
—Sun Dial.

"Can't I send pa some books for summer reading?"

"Naw; pa don't want no books. He's got a thermometer to read."—Journal.

Ford Joke.

"Oh dear—oh dear! The squirrel on the Oscar II has died."

"What did he die of?"

"Starvation. After cracking all the nuts he found there was nothing inside. Oh dear—oh dear!"—Ex.

Souse (to policeman)—Wheresh th' corner, offisher?

Policeman—You're standing on it.

Souse—No wonder zhat I couldn't f-find it.—Froth.

Some men are born to trouble—some have trouble thrust upon them—and some advertise in matrimonial agency papers.

Mug—Won ten bucks at poker last night.

Percy (surprised)—Honestly.

Mug—Now, don't ask any foolish questions.

Her Father—So you want to become my son-in-law, young man?"

Young man—No, I merely want to marry your daughter."—Indianapolis Star.

Crossing the Water.

"I understand he drinks a good deal."

"Oh, yes, he even had to have a bridge put in his mouth."

A witty gentleman speaking of a friend who was prostrated by illness remarked he could hardly recover, since his constitution was all gone.

"If his constitution is all gone," said a bystander, "I do not see how he lives at all."

"Oh," responded the wag, "he lives on the by-laws."

A Cereal Story.

They walked among the shredded wheat,
When grape-nuts were in season,
He asked her why she seemed so sweet,
She answered, "There's a Reason."

Tigs—What is the height of your ambition?

Ted—Well-er-I think she cames about to my shoulder.—Ex.

He—Cold dear?
She—About to freeze.
He—Want my coat?
She—Just the sleeve.

Kemmrick—What did you do with that poem of mine, "The Turtle-dove?"

Editor—O, I put it in the pigeon hole.

Disenchantment.

Captain—In the life of a soldier the first lesson must be that of prompt and unquestioning obedience to your superior officer.

Recruit—My Gawd! An' I was a goin' to war to get away from my wife.

First Snappyquop—What's the toothbrush for?

Second ditto—It's muh class pin, I graduated from Colgate.

The Sun—Wil thou?
Collar—I wilt.

First—My father has a fine cedar chest.

Second—'Snothing, my father is a vetteran and has a hickory leg.

—Jack-O'-Lantern.

Getting Back at 'Em.

He—I want to thank you for that beautiful bouquet of flowers you sent.

She (magnanimously)—Oh, that' all right little boy.

He—And it was so dear of you to take me to the theatre.

She—Why, don't mention it.

He—And you really have been very kind to me of late.

She—I'm glad to hear that you appreciate it.

He—And—here's you hat.

Trusts.

"Speaking of trusts. There is the beef trust; they say it's a bully thing but we should steer clear of it. They have raised the price of meat so that a working man cannot eat meat; the nearest he can come to it is oxtail soup and beef tongue; that is the only way he can make both ends meet."

Perhaps a little joke or slam
Has touched you very sorely,
Take it meekly as a lamb,
Lest we hand it out much morely.

L. A. PUGH

Hardware Dealer

First-class Line Too
Stoves and Rang

Farm Implements
Tinning and Spouting

L. A. PUGH

Stafford Engraving Co.

Made the cuts for this High School Booklet. They make a specialty of that line and have a valuable Hand Book that they loan to customers giving suggestions as to ways of getting up cuts and High School Annuals. Write to them and mention this advertisement. . . . .

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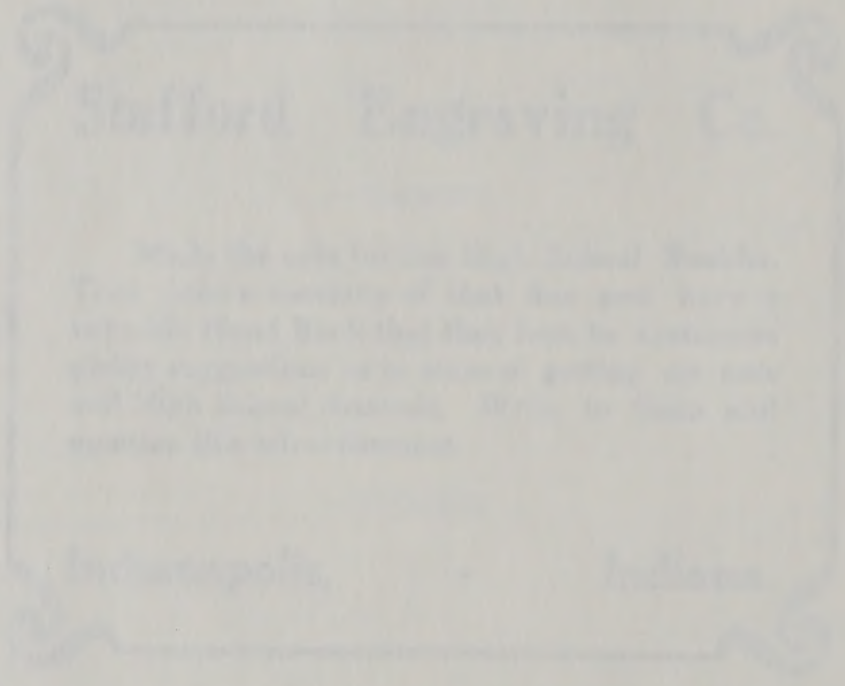

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